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tiruvAcagam or Sacred Utterances of the Tamil Poet, Saint and Sage MAnikka-vACagar by Rev.G.U.Pope Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1900 (part II - Hymns 11 -51)

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tiruvAcagam or Sacred Utterances
of the Tamil Poet, Saint and Sage MAnikka-vACagar
by Rev.G.U.Pope
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(part II - Hymns 11 -51)

Hymn XI- tiru Tellenam

THE TAMBOUR SONG or REFUGE WITH CIVAN

Metre : Naladittaravu koccuk kalippA

Arunachalam.- The name of Rudra is scarcely ever applied to Civan in the south, yet it would seem as if the idea of Civan had been mainly developed from the Vedic Rudra, the god of Storms, the father of the Maruts, of whom so many stories are told which now are the accepted legends of Civan. It may safely be said indeed that all the Vedic Rudra's acts and attributes are given in the modern Caiva system to Civan. One of these is connected with the legend of Arunachalam, so often referred to in Tamil Caiva poetry. According to the legend contained in the Linga Puranam, it is related that Brahma and Vishnu disputed regarding their respective claims to superiority, and thence a terrific fight arose. At this time to quiet their contention, Civan, or Mahadeva, appeared as luminous lingam , a pillar of fire, 'equal to a hundred final mundane configurations, without beginning, middle or end, incomparable, indescribe, undefinable.' Hari determined to examine the source of this fiery appearance, and took the shape of a boar whose description is very wonderful. Speeding downwards for a thousand years he beheld no base at all of the lingam. Meanwhile Brahma took the form of a swan purely white and fiery eyed, with wings on every side, rapid as thought, and went upwards to see the lingam's top; but both failed, and at length united in a hymn of praise to Civan as supreme; which so pleased the god that he offered them a boon. They asked that they might both obtain an eternal devotion for him, which was granted. 'Thenceforward the worship of the lingam has been inaugurated in the worlds. The pedestal is Mahadevi, and the lingam itself is the visible Mahecvara.'

I. Civan as a Guru.

Mal's self went forth a boar; but failed His sacred Foot
To find, that we His form might know, a Sage He came,
And made me His! To Him, Who hath nor name, nor form,
A thousand sacred names SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (4)

II. I saw Him; thenceforward my soul worships Him unseen.

The Lord in Perun-turrai's ever-hallowed shrine
Who dwelt, my birth with all its germs destroyed; since when

I've none else; formless is He,- a form He wears,
The Lord of blest Arur SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (8)

III.

To Hari and to Brahma and to other gods
Not manifested, Civan came in presence there,
Melted our hearts, received our service due; that all
The world may hear, and smile, SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (12)

IV.

From sinking in the vain abyss of worthless gods,-
From birth's illusions all,- the LIGHT SUPERNAL saved
And made me His. Soon as the new, pure Light, was given
How I in Bliss was lost: SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (16)

V.

To wildered gods, to Ayan, and to Mal unknown,
Civan assumed a form, that men on earth should joy.
That germs of birth consumed might die, with gracious glance,
How to my soul He came, SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (20)

VI.

The Lord, Who shakes the serpent dancing round His waist,
With His Hill-partner, came to earth, made us His own;-
Say thus, soul-lighted, eyes like full bright lotus flowers,
Pouring forth floods of tears, and SINGING, BEAT TELLENAM! (24)

VII.

Civan unknown to Hari, Ayan, heavenly ones,
On earth drew even me; 'come, come,' said He, and made me His!
When imprint of His flow'ry Feet was on my head impressed,
How grace divine was mine, SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (28)

VIII.

Like rustling palm-leaves is this frame! Its births and deaths,
With dread of good and ill, He swept away, and made me His;
He gave me grace, though I, all else forget, ne'er to forget
His Foot; Whose mighty dance SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (32)

IX.
As though some stone were made sweet fruit, the Lord in grace
Gave ev'n to me His golden Foot, and made me His.
O ye with slender waist, red lips, and winsome smiles!
'Lord of the Southern-Land,' call Him; AND BEAT TELLENAM! (36)

X.

Even in a dream His jewelled Feet 'tis hard for gods to see,-
With Her like laurel tree with jewelled arms,-entering in grace,
In waking hour He took, and made me His! With loving souls
Your art-like eyes be filled with tears, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (40)

XI.

When He, Her spouse whose eyes shine bright, mixt with my soul,
And made me His, deeds and environments died out;
Upon this earth confusion died; all other mem'ries ceas'd;
How all my 'doings' died, SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (44)

XII.

Ascetic bands sore languish'd, longing for release.
Grace to the elephant he gave, made me His own;
The light suprene deep plunged me in devotion's sea!
How sweet His mercy is, SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (48)

XIII.

Not those on earth, nor in th' abyss, nor heavenly ones,-
To none beside, so near He drew; He made me His!
To sing His advent, or Him, th' only Great, conceive
Is hard, His glory-song SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (52)

XIV.

Mal, Ayan, all the gods, and Sciences divine,
His essence cannot pierce. This Being rare drew near to me;
In love He thrilled my soul! WIth this remembrance moved,
Let your bright eyes with tears o'erflow, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (56)

XV.

The spreading sea of grace superne that melts and swells,
From which 'tis sweet to draw and drink, we gather round.
The Feet of the bright southern Lord call we to mind,
His slaves, praise we His sacred grace, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (60)

XVI.

Buddhan, Purandaran, the primal Ayan, Mal, praise Him,
The One-distraught, Who dwells in Perun-turrai's shrine, -the Sire
Who made births cease,-Lord of fair Tillai's porch, His gracious Feet
How in my soul they entered, SING, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (64)

XVII.

I lay bewildere'd in the barren troublous sea
Of sects and systems wide discordant all;-
My care He banished, gave in grce His jewelled Feet;
Praise we His gracious acts, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (68)

XVIII.

Though Ether, Wind, Water, Earth should fail,
His constant Being fails not, knows no weariness!
In Him my body, soul, and thought, and mind were merged.
How all myself was lost, SING WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (72)

XIX.

Prime Source of heavenly ones, the Germ of those beneath,
Earth's Balm; Mal's, Ayan's Treasure, open eyed
We saw, SING YE, His gracious feet, Who dwelt with us!
Call Him 'Lord of the Southern-Land,' AND BEAT TELLENAM! (76)

XX.

Sing His race; sing the heron's wing; Her beauty sing
Who wears bright gems; sing how He poison ate; each day
In Tillai's temple court He dances, where the waters play;
His tinkling anklets' music SING, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (80)

Hymn XII- tiru Caral

THE SACRED CARAL
THE SPORT OF CIVAN'S GRACIOUS 'ENERGY.'

I. Objections to 'ashes,' the snake, and the mystery of His teaching.

Obj. What He smears is 'white ash'; what He wears is an angry snake;
What He speaks with His lips divine is the mystic word, it seems; MY DEAR!
Ans. What He smears, what He says, what He wears are the means by which He,
As my Lord, rules me; and of all that hath life the Essence is He! CARALO! (4)

These are the words used by Dakshan to his daughter Umai in the Kaci Khandam,:-

His body he smears with ashes; a serpent he wears as adornment;
Poison from the sea he eats; a skull he carries
He rides a white bull that rages with anger. Such an one,
O damsel, is he fit to come to our sacrifice?'

The ashes, the serpent, the poison, the skull, and the bull are matters of praise in all Caiva poems.

II. Objections to His mendicant gruise.

Obj. 'My Father, Embiran, to all indeed is Ruler Supreme;
Yet He wears a clouted kovanam;' and why should this be so, MY DEAR?
Ans. The Vedas four, the meaning with which all lore is fraught, as the great thread
Himself alone as kovanam He spreads; behold, CARALO! (8)

An ascetic mendicant wears a very scanty cloth, suspended by a string round the waist; but why should He, who often appears in such stately majesty, wear this unseemly pretence of decent clothing! The answer is ambiguous in the original, but seems to say: 'All mysteries are contained and hidden in Him, and the Vedic revelation is the link between Him and the souls of men.' Strange symbolism!

Kaman, the 'Bodiless." - The story of the destruction of Kaman (or the god of Love) by Civan is very curious, and should be read by the Tamil scholar in the Kamba-Ramayanam. It seems that Civan resolved to enter on a course of very strict devotion (Yogam) with the intention of increasing his powers! The lesser divinities fearing this, instigated Kaman to endeavour to distract the mind of the devotee. Accordingly the archer sallied forth with his arrows composed of the nine most fragrant flowers, and having fitted one on to the string, took aim at Civan's sacred breast. But the god suddenly opened his third eye in the centre of his brow, from which he darted a wrathful flame that instantly reduced Kaman to ashes. At the intercession of all orders of creation Kaman was restored to life, but not to a visible substantial form, and he still pervades the world riding on the chariot of the soft south-wind, working his mischief unseen. Ancient European mythology

made him blind: he is here 'bodiless.' The legend may remind us of the story of Echo. The allusions to this myth in these lyrics are endless - and wearisome.

III. The objection that Civan is a homeless ascetic.

Obj. His shrine's the burning ground; fierce tiger skin His goodly garb;
All motherless and fatherless is He; all lonely dwelleth; see, MY DEAR!
Ans.Motherless is He and fatherless; dwelleth all aone; but though'tis thus,
If He be wroth, the worlds to powder crumble all; behold, CARALO! (12)

IV. The punitive indications of Bhairavan.

Obj. Ayan, the 'Bodiless,' with Anthagan, and Canthiran,
In divers ways He wounded sore, yet slew not; see, MY DEAR!
Ans. He Whose eyes are three, the Ruler great, if He shall punish,
Is't not a triumph to the heav'nly ones, O thou with flowing locks? CARALO! (16)

V. Dakshan's sacrifice.

Obj. Of Dakshan He smote off the head, off Eccan too; the hosts of gods
That flocking came He sent to nothingness; why this, MY DEAR?
Ans. Them who thronging came to nothingness He sent; 'twas grace!
In grace to Eccan too He gave one head the more; see CARALO! (20)

VI. Arunachalam.

Obj. Him the flow'ry god and Mal knew not; in fiery form He came
From earth that stretch'd to lower worlds; wherefore was this, MY DEAR?
Ans. From earth to realms beneath had He not reach'd, they twain
The insolence of self-esteem had not cast off; behold, CARALO! (24)

VII. Parvathi lives in His side, Ganga on His crest.

Obj.Soon as the mountain maid as part of Him He placed, another dame
In watery form upon His braided locks poured down! Why this, MY DEAR?
Ans. Upon His braided locks in watery form had she not leaped, the world
To cavernous destruction rushing ruined must have lain! CARALO! (28)

VIII. The poison.

Obj. He ate halalam from the sounding sea, that day arisen
With mighty din; what means this wondrous act, MY DEAR?
Ans. Had He not eaten on that day the posion fierce, Ayan and Mal
And all the other gods of upper heaven had died; behold, CARALO! (32)

The Hala-hala Poison, the churning of the sea, the blackness of Civan's Throat, and the epithet 'Ambrosia.'-

Among other things in these lyrics that require explanation to the English reader, the subjects referred to in the above title are of the most frequent recurrence, and are apt to weary and even disgust.

It is most necessary however to understand once for all how essential they are to the South-Indian concept of Civan, as the great and beneficient Being Who is to be approached in prayer and gratefully adored. It will hardly be possible for the reader to do anything like justice to the Poet and religious Teacher, unless he deem it worth while to make the attempt to view these things candidly and dispassionately in the light in which they are viewed by the more devout and intelligent of the Caiva community.

The legend is simply this: the lesser deities were in sore affliction and came to Civan for help. He accordingly came forth from Kailaca, and using Mount Mandara as His churning-stick, with Vasu-deva as the rope which caused it to revolve, proceeded to churn the sea of milk. The result was the appearance of the Ambrosia or food of immortal gladness. But before this a stream of fiery poison black and deadly, the Hala-hala poison, rushed forth. This the deity himself drank up, and hence his throat is for ever black, a glorious memorial of his voluntary sufferings. The cup of ambrosia He gave to the grateful gods. Another version of this story may be read in Wilson's Vishnu Puranam. It is also to be found in various form in Tamil verse, but is essentially a Sanskrit and northern myth. The question occurs, was this regarded as literal fact, or was it put forth as a parable? It may be said that three classes of Hindus are to be met with in the South: those to whom this and similar histories are wonderful stories and nothing more. They take no more interest in them than we should in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

A second class believe the legends devoutly, and regard them as capable of a mystic interpretation to which however they do not attach any surpassing importance, nor are they at all agreed as to its details. The third class think that under the veil of such legends ancient sages concealed mysterious teachings which they were unwilling to expose to the vulgar gaze. And they say that they alone possess the secret of the esoteric meaning of the myths, which they themselves regard as more or less antiquated and uncouth.

Whether the Upanishads and Sanskrit literature in general lend any countenance to this last idea is exceedingly doubtful. I incline to think that these mystic interpretations are only to be found in later, and chiefly in South-Indian, authors. It is very ceratin that the Caiva Siddhanta philosophers have made it their especial business to give to all such legends a more elevating, and at the same time distinctly Caivite, interpretation. The south of India has from the earliest time been more open than the rest of the east to western influences and teaching, and I feel convinced that this is one of the results. Whether in any way the chasm between western and eastern ideas can be bridged over by any such explanations is of course a most interesting question.

It is quite permitted us to say that, the truth supposed to be concealed (rather too carefully!) under these symbols is that, the Supreme Being has condescended to come to earth to taste the bitter cup of suffering, retaining ever the glorious signs of that agony, while to men He presents the draught of immortal blessedness. However this may be, the epithets of 'Black-throated' and 'Ambrosia' as applied to Civan need not be, must not be, simply grotesque, but associated with the pathos of sufferring and the tenderness of unselfish love.

The idea of this is expressed in the first poem of the Purra-Nannurru, which is by Perundevanar, the translator of the Bharatam:-

'He wears th'adornment of a throat with poison black; that stain
The chaunters of the mystic scrolls are wont to praise.'

Of course there are many things which are said and sung by the devout of all systems in all lands that require to be explained, and it will generally be found that a mystic meaning is at the root of the uncouth phrase. This has been more or less lost sight of: the symbol is apt to supersede the real thought.

IX.

Obj. The Lord of Tillai's court, Who in the southern land delights, and dances there,
A mighty maniac, delighted in the female form, behold, MY DEAR!
Ans. had He not delighted in the female form, all in the wide world
Would have obtained heaven's bliss and earth had failed; behold, CARALO! (36)

X.

Obj. He is the endless One; and me, a dog, who came to Him,
He plunged in tide of rapturous bliss unending; behold, MY DEAR!
Ans. The sacred Feet that plunged me in rapture's flowing tide
are treasure rich to gods in upper heaven that dwell; behold, CARALO! (40)

XI.

Obj. Lady! what's this ascetic rite? Sinews and bone He wears,
A bony circlet on His arm He loves to bear; behold, MY DEAR!
Ans. The way of the bony circlet hear! In the end of the age
When the two had reached their fated hour, He put it on; hehold, CARALO! (44)

XII.

Obj. His garb is the skin of the forest tiger; He eats from a skull;
The wild is His city; to Him here who will service pay? MY DEAR!
Ans. Yet, hear thou! Ayan and sacred Mal, and the King
Of them of the heavenly land, are His humble and faithful ones; CARALO! (48)

XIII. His marriage.

Obj. The mountain monarch's golden Daughter bright of brow, the Lady blest,
He wedded with the fire as all the world doth know; what's that? say, MY DEAR!
Ans. Had He not wedded Her for all the world to know, the world entire
Had in confusion lost the import true of every lore; behold, CARALO! (52)

XIV. The dance.

Obj. The Lord of Tillai's court, by cool palms girt, whence honey drips,
There entering does a mystic dance perform; what's that, MY DEAR?
Ans. Had He not enter'd there, all the wide earth had quick become

Abode of demons armed with flesh-transfixing appears; CARALO! (56)

XV. The bull.

Obj. On stately elephant, swift stead, or car it pleased Him not to ride;
A bull He pleased to mount! Explain me this that I may know, MY DEAR!
Ans. The day He burnt with fire the triple mighty walls,
Mal divine a bull became to bear Him up; behold, CARALO! (60)

XVI. Civan a guru and an avenger too.

Obj. Well to the four, the fourfold mystic scrolls' deep sense,
That day, beneath the banyan tree, and virtue He reveal'd; behold, MY DEAR!
Ans.That day, beneath the banyan tree, though virtue He revealed,
He utterly destroyed the cities three; begold, CARALO! (64)

XVII. A mendicant.

Obj. In the sacred hall He dances, and wanders abroad to beg for alms;
This homeless mendicant shall we approach as god? How so, MY DEAR?
Ans. Hear thou the nature of this sacred mendicant! Him Vedas four know not;
But they've invok'd Him Lord and Ican, praising loud; behold, CARALO! (68)

XVIII. The disc.

Obj. When He smote down Jalandharan, the monster of the sea, that disc
To Naranan, the good, in grace He gave; how's that, MY DEAR?
Ans. Since Naranan, the good, dug out an eye, and laid at Aran's foot,
As flower, to him in grace the disc He gave; behold, CARALO! (72)

IX.

Obj. His garment is the spotted hide; His food the fiery poison dark.
Is this our Peruman's great skill? Expound that I may know, MY DEAR!
Ans. Our Peruman,- whatever He wore there,- whate'er He ate,-
The greatness of His Nature none can know; behold, CARALO! (76)

X. Virtue and true philosophy must be divinely taught.

Obj. To saints of goodness rare, beneath the Al, virtue and all the Four He taught;
Explain to me the grace He showed, seated with them, MY DEAR!
Ans. Had He not taught that day in grace, the worthy saints virtue and all the Four,
To noble souls this world's nature had ne'er been known! Behold, CARALO! (80)

Hymn XIII- tiru puvalli

THE SACRED LILY-FLOWERS
or
TAKING THE VICTORY FROM MAYA

I. Renunciation of other help.

His sacred Feet,- the twain,-soon as upon my head He placed,
Help of encircling friends,- the whole,- I utterly renounced;
In Tillai's court begirt with guarded streams, in mystic dance
He moves. That Raftsman's glory SING, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (4)

II. Further experiences in Madyarjunam.

From father, mother, kindered, and all else that were to me
As bonds, He set me free; made me His own,- the Pandi-Lord!
In Idai-maruthu, His dwelling, rapture's honey flowed.
That sweet recess with song PRAISE WE, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (8)

III. Converting grace.

Us too, than dogs more vile, of worth and note He made to be;
With greater than a mother's tenderness, our Peruman
Cut off 'illusive birth,' made us His own; our 'deeds' so strong
Laid prostrate humbled in the dust; PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS! (12)

IV. The Rebel-rout.

They praised not the king of Tillai's town, 'mid well-tilled fields,
Dakshan renown'd, and Arukkan, and Eccan, Moon, and Fire!
By Vira-bhadra with his demon host that fill'd the sky,
Sing how that day they suffer'd wounds; AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (16)

V. Perun-turrai and Tillai.

Civan, the Lord, who on His 'lock' the honied cassia wears,
Took fleshy rom, sought me, and entering came; before the world
That I may dance, and utter triumph songs, in dance
He moves! For Him, King of heaven's sons, PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS! (20)

VI. The Triads.

THREE fires He gave in gracious pity to the gods;
THREE heads to sever fire He sent from sacred brow, in grace;
THREE forms He wears, the Only-One, Incomprehensible;
THREE rebel towns He burnt; so PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (24)

VII. His gracious work.

He made my head to bow; my mouth to laud His cinctured Foot
He taught; gave me to join th'assemblage of His glorious saints;
And with the Queen, in Tillai's court adorned, dances our Peruman.
Sing we aloud His excellence, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (28)

VIII.

He taught the pathway to the golden Feet of His great saints,
Praise ye the Master's grace that made me His and gave the sign!
'Old deeds' that made us wholly bond-slaves, sorely troubled us,
Sing how He brought to naught; AND SO PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS! (32)

IX.

That I might praise Him many a day, and service due perform,
The Mighty-One His fragrant foot-flower on my frame impress'd;
A beauteous Light He shone, softened my heart, and made me His!
Sing how those jewell'd Feet are gold, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (36)

X.

That this my frame, mere mass of fierce desires, might pass away,
Great Perun-turrai's Lord placed on my head His glorious Foot.
KABALI,- Who, well pleased, black poison ate from out the sea, -
Sing we, amidst His warring foes, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (40)

XI.

The BEING INFINITE, with every varied sweetness filled;
The LORD, Who took my soul in joyous pomp; His sounding Feet
All dwellers in the world shall praise! That is the way of good!
That way sing we His glory now, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (44)

XII.

Heaven's Lord, and Mal, and Ayan, and the other gods He rules
As King, with attributes and signs that none may e'er attain;
The fiery poison from the vasty sea, He made His food
Ambrosia; and thus sing we, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (48)

XIII.

That day, beneath the banyan's shade, in grace the Vedas rare
He gave; the heavenly ones and mighty saints, each day, stood round,
And praised Him of the perfect Foot with cassia-flower adorn'd;
Its golden petal's dust sing we, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (52)

XIV.

Fair pictured in my soul His Feet's twin flowers in grace He gave;
The Lord, Who in Ekambam dwells, made here His chosen seat;
In Tillai's sacred court, girt by wide walls, is now His home;
Sing how in mystic dance He moves, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (56)

XV. Dakshan's sacrifice.

Fire and the Sun, and Ravanan, and Andhagan, and Death,
With red-ey'd Hari, Ayan, Indra, and the Moon-god too,
And shameless Dakshan and the Eccan: these their honour lost!
Singing His swelling glory now, PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS! (60)

XVI.

The strong bull's Rider; Champion brave of those of Civa-town;
In Madura, earth-carrier; in grace He ate the cakes;
Was smitten by the Pandiyan's staff, who claimed His service there.
Sing the song of the wound He bore, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (64)

XVII.

The ancient Mal, Ayan, the heavenly ones, the Danavar,
Knew not His sacred golden Foot, but joined in praise!
Entering within my breast, He made me His! His ornament
The gleaming serpent SING WE THUS, AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (68)

XVIII.

That with desire insatiate my soul might ever joy
At sound of tinkling anklets on His glorious sacred Foot,
In dance He moves,- the Lord of Perun-turrai's car-thronged streets.
This mighty rapture chaunting loud, PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS! (72)

XIX.

The Perun-turrai-Lord, Who wears the hide of elephant;
Who took a madman's form;- Who in this world became a child;
Source of all heavenly bliss; great Uttara-koca-mangai's Prince;
As in our minds He entering cam, PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS! (76)

Hymn XIV- tiru unthiyar

THE UNTHIYAR
or
SACRED VICTORY
CIVAN'S TRIUMPHS

Tamil scholars give different interpretations of the word Unthiyar. It seems to mean 'the players at a game resembling battledore and shuttlecock.' The word Unthi is, I imagine, used for the shuttlecock or ball which the players cause to 'fly aloft.'

In this lyric FIVE GREAT TRIUMPHS OF CIVAN are celebrated.

I. The first of these (I-4) is the destruction of the three towns, in Tami and Sanskrit Tripura, which is curiously enough made to be the name of a giant overthrown by Civan. I give an abstract of this story from Muir:-

'There were in the sky three cities of the Asuras, one of iron, another of silver, and a third of gold, which Indra could not demolish, with all his weapons. Then all the great gods, distressed, went to Rudra as their refuge, and said to him, after they were assembled: "Rudra, there shall be victims devoted to thee in all sacrifices. Bestower of honour, destroy the Daityas with their cities, and deliver the worlds." He, being thus addressed, said, "So be it;" and making Vishnu his arrow, Agni its barb, Yama, the son of Vivasvat, its feather, all the Vedas his bow, and the excellent Savitri (the Gayatri) his bowstring, and having appointed Brahma his charioteer, he in due time pierced through these cities with a three-jointed three-barbed arrow, of the colour of the sun, and in fierceness like the fire which burns up the world. These Asuras with their cities were there burnt up by Rudra.'

II. The second of these triumphs is the destruction of Dakshan's sacrifice. The story of this is told with many variations, and is evidently, as Professor Wilson pointed out long ago, of some great struggle between the followers of Vishnu and Civan: but it is neither possible to give any full interpretation of it, nor to reconcile the discrepancies in the various accounts of it. The account given below is that of the Kaci Khandam, which every student of Tamil should read.

In the Kaci Khandam, the account of Dakshan-his sacrifice, punishment, forgiveness, and penance in Benares - occupies chapters xxxviii-xc inclusive, and fills 148 stanzas. It sums up, with some inconsistencies, the whole story as given in the Sanskrit books. Dakshan (- the Intelligent) is represented sometimes as the father, and sometimes as the son of Aditi; and at other times the two are curiously said to have been reciprocally producers and produced. He is identified with Prajapati, the Creator. This almost seems like a statement that the whole universe is developed from intelligence, and might appear like a very symbolical acting forth of Hegel's system. Dakshan had many daughters married to the great saints, and especially Kacyapa(Kaciban) is said to have been the husband of twelve of them. One of his daughters was Durga, or Uma, who was subsequently born from the mountain after her voluntary death, and so received the name of Parvathi. So Civan, the Supreme, was a son-in-law of Dakshan, the Intelligence from which the Universe was developed. It is rather entangled.